

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Ring Out, Wild Bells.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

A MATTER OF ENVIRONMENT.

When Roger Hendricks suggested to his only daughter that she might find it pleasant to accompany him on a journey across the continent, she eagerly agreed with him. When he added that she would have to rough it for a week or more, she was delighted.

"I must stop at our new Midas mines in Nevada, and there'll be a wagon ride of 35 miles from the railway and no telling what rude accommodations after we get there."

"Don't say another word, daddy," she cried. "I'm just dying to get away from all these common-places! I want a change. I'm sick of the effete east. I want to lose myself somewhere beyond the odor of factory smoke and the glare of electric lights."

"You'll be glad to welcome both," said Roger Hendricks a little grimly, "when you find yourself where there isn't the slightest tint of smoke on the dismal horizon and where your electric light is an evil smelling lamp or a sputtering tallow candle."

"Trust me," laughed Grace. "You'll find my romantic views have a very practical background. And we are to visit the mines, are we?"

"Yes," replied Roger, "the new Midas. I want to look them over myself. They are the coming wonders of the mining field, and I'm anxious to see just what shape they are in. By the way," and he looked at her narrowly, "an old friend of yours is our assistant superintendent at the mines."

"A friend of mine? Who?"

"Robert Conklin."

"Robert! I knew he was going away, but had no idea where. It's certainly a strange environment for the prince of the german. Daddy, I want to tell you something. Robert asked me to be his wife just before he went away."

"Did he? Well, there are worse young men than Robert."

"Are there, daddy? I thought they were all monotonously alike, the same clean-shaven faces, the same dress suits and white ties, and patent leathers and languid draws and inane small talk. Robert was a charming fellow—of the conventional type—and he had beautiful white hands and a lovely complexion, but he was too much like all the others to please your fastidious child."

"What did you tell him, my girl?"

"When he popped? Oh, I told him bluntly that he wasn't my ideal, and I sent him away."

Roger smiled.

"And he came to me," he said, "and I sent him away still farther. But it will not embarrass you to meet him at the mines?"

"Not in the least, daddy. Why should it?"

"I don't know." He laughed and turned away.

He did not tell his spoiled darling that he was Robert's sworn ally or that he was plotting at that very moment to secure what thought was her happiness.

Three weeks later a two-seated wagon on drawn by a team of stout, though very tired, horses, mounted the last hill that intervened between the railway station and the Midas mines. In the wagon were Roger Hendricks and Grace and an extremely taciturn, though highly skilled, driver, who had been sent over to meet them.

As they mounted the crest of the long hill, Roger Hendricks turned to the driver.

"Is Superintendent Ingersoll well?" he asked.

"Dunno," said the driver.

"Don't know!" echoed the capitalist. "Isn't he at the mines?"

"Nope. He's across in California."

"What for?"

"Health."

"I didn't know he was ill," said the capitalist. "What's his trouble?"

Knife in ribs. Couple o' fellers from Skinner's Flat came over an started a fuss. Superinten't tried to stop 'em an got jabbed. Bobsy run in an floored the fellers biff! baug! an then he toted superinten't over the line to a doctor,

an sent me to Carson City with the fellers."

"And the mines?"

"Mines is runnin' all right. Bobsy's runnin' 'em."

"Who is Bobsy?"

"Dunno his other name. That's him comin'."

He pointed with his whip at an approaching figure.

It was the figure of a tall young man in a slouch hat, a coarse flannel shirt, rough breeches and long clay stained boots. He had a plentiful crop of hair, a face extremely sunburned where it wasn't covered by a brown curly beard, and his arms, exposed by his rolled up shirt sleeves, were brown and sinewy.

He took off his hat to Grace and extended his hand to her father.

"By George," cried the latter, "it's Conklin—it's Robert!" And he leaned over and vigorously shook the young man's hand.

Grace gave a little gasp. Was this rough young Adonis, bearded and tanned, the white handed darling of the ball-room?

Then Robert quickly stepped to the wagon, and reaching up swung her lightly to the ground.

"Glad to welcome you to the mines, Miss Grace," he said in an easy manner, with no trace of self-consciousness. And what astonished Grace most of all was that he made no excuses of his decidedly unconventional garb.

"Hold on," cried the capitalist as they walked toward the superintendent's cottage. "Are you Bobsy?"

"That's what the Chinese cook calls me," laughed the young man, "and I believe the rest of the camp has adopted the title. We all have our nicknames out here, you know."

But this is the superintendent's cottage. Miss Grace will take my room, and you, sir, will take Mr. Ingersoll's. The Chinese servants will serve your meals here."

"And will you not join us?" asked Grace in her sweetest manner.

"I should be pleased to," he answered simply and turned away to talk with her father.

Robert came to supper and the only changes he had made in his toilet were the removal of his slouch hat and the addition of a rough sack coat. But he was nowise embarrassed. He certainly talked well, and Grace saw that her father was greatly taken with him.

Robert went away early, knowing they were tired and presumably sleepy. As the sound of his footsteps died on the gravel walk the capitalist turned to his daughter.

"Seems a little different, doesn't he?" he asked.

"Different from what, daddy?"

"Why, from the whole tiresome lot of conventional young men."

He does," said Grace lightly.

There was a pause.

"Aren't you just a little sorry now you refused him?" chuckled the old man.

"This isn't the man I refused," said Grace softly.

The ten days of their stay passed rapidly. Thanks to the preparations made by Robert for their coming the roughness of camp life was greatly softened. He had worked like a Trojan to make them comfortable. He had actually brought water in sluice pipes from a spring in the mountain side and fitted up a rude but very serviceable bathtub in the cottage for the use of Grace. In fact, she heard of his energy and industry on every hand. And she noticed, too, that her father leaned upon him more and more.

Once she took her parent to task a little for absorbing so much of Robert's leisure time.

"The boy is full of business," said her father shortly. "He's carrying a big load here, and there's no shifting it till Ingersoll comes back. I've been doing what I can to lighten it a little."

Whenever she saw Robert he was in his rough and ready mining garb—stallwart, sunburnt, sinewy. He never alluded to his clothes, and Grace came to believe that he never thought of them. He was always at ease in her presence, and yet, strange to say, paid her no compliments, a fact which seemed all the more remarkable when she glanced in her little mirror and saw the pleasing effects of the pure

mountain air and the simple, wholesome diet.

She could not understand it.

Had he—had he ceased to care for her? and she whispered this contingency with a sinking heart.

Had she, like the ignorant Ethiop, thrown away her pearl? Had this splendid, unconventional fellow, quite outworn her earlier fascinations? It sadly looked like it.

Then came the day of their departure, and still Robert hadn't spoken. But along in the early morning he said to her:

"Shall we take a farewell look together at the happy valley?"

So they walked up the hillside path a short distance to a wooded plateau that overlooked the valley and its foaming stream for many miles. Robert had made a little seat just within the thicket, and they sat down. For a moment both were silent. Then Robert spoke.

"Well," he quietly said, "have you reconsidered?"

Grace looked up with a start. There was a masterful air about him that fairly paralyzed her tongue. She could only stare and wonder.

"Time is slipping by," said Robert as he consulted his watch. "I must seize the first opportunity to speak to your father."

Grace tried to say the cutting things that surged in her mind.

But when she caught Robert's eye looking down upon her with a tenderness of expression that altogether belied the businesslike form of his speech she gave a little gasp and incontinently surrendered.

Fifteen minutes later Robert and the capitalist clasped hands warmly.

"All right, eh?" queried the latter, with a broad smile.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, "it worked just as you wrote me it would. But it has been a hard part to play."

"But you played to win. It was the old clothes and the brusque manner and, above all, the environment that served to clinch her affection, for I'm sure my little girl has loved you for a long time, my boy."

He took Robert's arm affectionately and walked with him to the company's office, and Grace, watching at the cottage window and quite unconscious of the plot that had brought her happiness, knew that all was well.

"I'm coming east as soon as Mr. Ingersoll returns," said Robert, when it came time for the adieus, "and then I can enjoy the luxury of a change of wardrobe." He watched her smilingly as he spoke.

She laughed softly.

"I learned to love you, dear," she murmured, "in that garb. Bring it with you, lest I forget."

"It shall be my negligee," he laughed.

"And another thing, Robert."

"Yes, Grace."

"There mustn't be any razor."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boucicault and His Hair.

Boucicault for a number of years used to dye the little fringe of hair he had, and it generally took on all the hues of the rainbow, much resembling Littlebat Titmouse's experience in coloring his hair.

I was standing in front of the Union Square theater one day after rehearsal with the late Charles R. Thorne, Jr., and Joe Polk, writes Owen Fawcett, and we were arguing the question who should "buy," when along came Boucicault, as chipper as ever. Of course he must stop, ask all the news and have a chat, for he was a most entertaining man and well worth listening to. On his preparing to leave, Polk said, "Mr. Boucicault, I do not wish to insult you, but I wish to congratulate you on one thing."

"Not a bit of it, my boy," said Boucicault. "What is it, Polk?"

"I see that you have given over dyeing your hair, or what little hair you had, and you do not know how much better it makes you look."

"Yes," said Boucicault, "I have found out one thing, and that is in all the years I have been foolish enough to paint my hair, I was only deceiving one person, and that one was myself. Good day, boys."—
Detroit Free Press.

Deeded His Birthday.

Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson (just published, in two volumes), are to be issued on the anniversary of the author's birthday, the 13th of November. That day now belongs to Miss Annie Louisa Ide, formerly Miss Annie H. Ide, by deed of gift, therefore the announcement should have read, "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson are to appear upon Miss Ide's birthday."

In a letter to Henry C. Ide, ex-Chief Justice of Samoa, dated June 19, 1891, Mr. Stevenson writes:

DEAR MR. IDE:—Herewith please find the Document, which I trust will prove sufficient in law. It seems to me very attractive in its eclecticism; Scots, English, and Roman law phrases are all indifferently introduced, and a quotation from the works of Haynes Bailey can hardly fail to attract the indulgence of the Bench.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate of the Scots Bar, author of *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Moral Emblems*, stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima, in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British subject, being sound in mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body;

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, in the town of Saint Johnsbury, in the County of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation of a proper birthday;

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when, O, we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description;

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as I require:

Have transferred and do hereby to the said Anne H. Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now hereby and henceforth the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors;

And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private; and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, *et tanquam bona filia familia*, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember;

And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or contravene either of the above conditions I hereby revoke the donation, and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being;

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Witness, LLOYD OSBOURNE.

Witness, HAROLD WATTS.

The little girl in Vermont received her somewhat unusual gift in the same spirit with which it was given. She instantly dropped the middle letter of her name and substituted that of Louisa, and wrote a letter of thanks to Mr. Stevenson, including her photograph and a pencil drawing. The answer to this ran as follows:

VAILIMA SAMOA, November, 1891.

My dear Louisa,—Your picture of the church, the photograph of yourself and your sister, and your very witty and pleasing letter, came all in a bundle, and made me feel I had my money's worth for that birthday.

I am now, I must be, one of your nearest relatives; exactly what we are to each other, I do not know. I doubt if the case has ever happened before—your papa ought to know, and I don't believe he does; but I think I ought to call you in the meanwhile, and until we get the advice of counsel learned in the law, my name—daughter. Well, I was extremely pleased to see by the church that my name—daughter

could draw; by the letter, that she was no fool; and by the photograph, that she was a pretty girl, which hurts nothing. See how virtues are rewarded! My first idea of adopting you was entirely charitable; and here I find that I am quite proud of it, and of you, and that I choose just the kind of name—daughter that I wanted. For I can draw, too, or rather, I mean to say, I could before I forgot how; and I am very far from being a fool myself, however much I may look it; and I am as beautiful as the day, or at least I once hoped that perhaps I might be going to be. And so I might. So that you see that we are well met, and peers on these important points. I am very glad, also, that you are older than your sister. So I should have been if I had one. So that the number of points and virtues which you have inherited from your name-father is already quite surprising.

... You are quite wrong as to the effect of the birthday on your age. From the moment the deed was registered (as it was in the public press with every solemnity) the 13th of November became your own and only birthday, and you ceased to have been born on Christmas Day. Ask your father: I am sure he will tell you this is sound law. You are thus become a month and twelve days younger than you were, but will grow on older for the future in the regular and human manner from one 13th of November to the next. The effect on me is more doubtful; I may, as you suggest, live forever; I might, on the other hand, come to pieces, like the one-horse shay, at a moment's notice; doubtless the step was risky, but I do not the least regret which enables me to sign myself your reverend and delighted name-father.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Died at his Post.

Mathieu Donzelot is still remembered in Paris as one of the most faithful and courageous men who ever served a paper as a reporter.

His last assignment and what came of it, is told by Monsieur Trimm in the *Petit Journal*.

One day a riot was apprehended, and Donzelot was sent to the Pantheon to report the events in that quarter. Already the stones were flying, and the lawless mob had begun to tear up the streets and barricade them.

One of Donzelot's friends saw him as he was running by, and said to him: "What are you doing here? Run and save yourself!"

Donzelot made no reply, and again his friend urged him to leave so dangerous a spot.

"I am not going to move," he said; "but as you are going kindly take this copy along with you to the paper; you will save me time."

An hour passed, and the disorder was at its height. The mob had already begun to clash seriously with the authorities. Suddenly the Garde Nationale fired a volley, and Donzelot fell, his breast pierced by a bullet. A surgeon rushed up to him.

"You are hurt?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Donzelot, "seriously, I think; I cannot use my pencil."

"Never mind your pencil," returned the surgeon, sharply. "The question is to save your life."

"Don't be in a hurry," returned Donzelot quietly. "To each man his own duty. Mine is to get the story, and you must help me. Here, write at the foot of this page—this postscript: '3 29 P.M. At the fire of the troops three men fell wounded and one was killed.'"

"Why, which one is killed?"

"I am," replied the reporter; and he fell back dead.

Respectability Defined.

British respectability has been defined in a police court by a prisoner charged with begging, and the definition seems to have been accepted by the magistrate for he discharged her. She said: "I'm a respectable woman, a tailoress. Why, I make trousers for Mr. Newton—Mr. Newton, the magistrate, I mean. If I'm respectable enough to make a magistrate's trousers, I'm good enough for anything."

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00
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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

WE do not know whether it is in order to congratulate Mr. Hanson, of Minnesota, or Mr. Dobyns, Superintendent of the Mississippi Institution, on the selection of the former as architect for a new two-story school building for the Mississippi Institution.

Certain it is that Mr. Hanson has demonstrated his ability as an architect, and in planning for a school for the deaf, his intimate knowledge of what is required ought to make him superior to others in his profession.

Mr. Hanson is selected solely on his merits, and all who are deaf should rejoice at this public recognition of a deaf man's capabilities. There was no favor shown him because he was deaf. He had to compete with other architects, and won because of the superiority of his plans.

In planning the new building to replace the one burned at Edge-wood, it would be a graceful and deserved action to invite Mr. Hanson to compete with other architects, so that the State and school which produced the first female graduate of Gallaudet College, whose diploma bears the degree of B. A., in the person of his handsome, poetical and scholarly life-partner, might have a substantial argument to that class of people who constantly "kick" about the money spent in educating the deaf.

ADDED to the *fin de siècle* triumphs of Gallaudet College the close of the present term brings to light the phenomenon of two logical ladies. In a word, there were two "co-ed" exempts in Logic at the recent exams. Here is something to ponder. Two charming deaf-mute ladies who can "argify" scientifically; who will not cling to opinion simply because of impressions, but rather from the standpoint of logical deductions. We prophesy a brilliant future for each of these fair maids, and woe to the delinquent husband who attempts by blandishments and sophistry to explain why he returned late from the lodge, or where and whence his sestertii have departed. All hail to the logical ladies!

WE return thanks for the group photograph of the Press Club of Gallaudet College. Taken individually and together, the members form a handsome picture. These embryo knights of the blue pencil number twelve, and although some of them have evidently burned the midnight oil to such an extent as to make eye-glasses a necessity, none of them exhibit that scantiness of hair which the thoughts that burn will eventually—in co-operation with Father Time—make a prominent frontal or occipital characteristic. We are proud of the picture, and of the boys, and hope that the future will find in them at least a few ornaments of the editorial profession, whose business it is to know something about everything, and everything about anything else.

At the close of the year, it is the custom to extend greetings and good wishes for the year to come. May all the deaf experience happiness and prosperity during 1900.

NEW YORK.

Church Mission Anniversary at St. Matthews.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S STATEMENT.

Troy's Society Leader in Town—All the News Briefly Told.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

At the Anniversary Services of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, held at St. Matthew's Church, and which were slimly attended, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Dr. Chamberlain interpreted for the deaf. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet made the following remarks:

"The Church to Deaf-Mutes, New York, was incorporated in 1872, to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of adult Deaf-Mutes. The Twenty-seventh Anniversary of that event is observed this evening.

"Let us briefly note the circumstances which led to the formation of this society, the education of the deaf opening the way for Church work among them.

"The first Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in this country was founded by my father, Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, at Hartford, Connecticut, in April 1817. Now there are upwards of eighty Institutions for the training of Deaf-Mute children and youth in the United States, one being the National Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C., under the presidency of my youngest brother, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet.

"The New York Institution was the second. It was incorporated in 1817, and received its first pupils in 1818. I became one of its teachers in 1843, under the elder Dr. Peet. My mother and my wife being deaf-mutes, my interest in the silent people increased from year to year, till at length the way opened for me to found St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes and their hearing friends in 1852. I left the Institution in 1858, and gave myself to Church work. After some years of labor here and in other cities, it became evident that a more General Society was needed to establish religious services and pastoral relations for deaf-mutes in various portions of the country as practicable. So "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" was incorporated in 1872, St. Ann's having prepared the way for this Society to come into being.

"From this time forward there have been two distinct lines of work, one by St. Ann's for the City of New York, and the other by the Society for other places.

"After passing through various vicissitudes, old St. Ann's Parish formed a consolidation with old St. Matthew's Parish, in 1897. Under the guidance of the Bishop and Standing Committee of the Diocese and a Judge of the Supreme Court, the new St. Matthew's Parish agreed to build and support St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes by themselves, as a Chapel. The new St. Ann's is in 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue. As the years roll on this providential arrangement will be more and more appreciated. We believe that the needed Parish House will in due time appear.

"This reference to St. Ann's Church has been made in order to prevent any misunderstanding.

"We turn now to "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," on the Twenty-seventh Anniversary of its formation. Please let it be remembered that the Society has no official connection with St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, but is an entirely separate corporation. For a few years after its organization, its missionaries pioneered Church Work Among Deaf-Mutes throughout our country in churches of the larger cities. But this national idea was soon given up, as one missionary after another desired to work in the Diocese assigned to him by its Bishop. Various Dioceses made arrangements to prosecute this peculiar Mission to the silent people. Thus it has come to pass that our Society is now limited in its operations to the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, Newark and Connecticut. Its missionaries hold sign services as often as practicable in ten different places. They minister to the sick and needy. They find situations for the unemployed. They attend to many other details of the Pastoral life which they are striving to cultivate.

"Our Society owns and maintains a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes in the State of New York, on a farm of one hundred and fifty-six acres by the Hudson River, between New Hamburg and Poughkeepsie, the P. O. being Wappinger's Falls. The property is free from debt. The income of its Endowment Fund pays one half of its

current expenses. The balance comes from charitable gifts. There are twenty-six inmates in the Home, fourteen women and twelve men. All have been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Three are deaf and dumb and blind. The religious services are a great comfort and help to this afflicted family. Since the Home was opened in April, 1886, eleven have had the consolations of the Gospel to fill them with hope for the future as one after another they have finished their earthly pilgrimage and have been borne by the Angels to Paradise. The Holy Communion is celebrated in the chapel of the Home the second Sunday of each month.

"During the year ending September 30th, 1899, the New York Department received and expended for general purposes the following sums:

Balance September 30th, 1898, \$6.18; Receipts, \$5,093.49; Payments, \$4,999.40; Balance on hand, \$70.67.

The Brooklyn Department received and expended for general purposes, \$1,454.76.

The Domestic Department of the Home, entrusted to the care of a Board of Lady Managers, had balance on hand September 30th, 1898, \$718.41; Received \$2,260.25; Expenses of the year, \$3,633.60; Debt September 30th, 1898, \$654.94.

The Farm Department of the Home, had September 30th, 1898, a debt of \$333.61; It received \$2,036, from gifts, \$1,196, from sale of products, \$858; Bills audited, \$3,308.09, making whole expense incurred \$2,691.70. Debt September 30th, 1899, \$635.70.

Estimate value of supplies and services rendered the Domestic Department and the farmer from the Farm Department, \$1533.13.

This Home make a pathetic appeal to the people of State of New York, for the means which are necessary not only to meet its present current expenses but to provide for the admission of more inmates.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes is managed by a Board of twenty-five trustees. Its officers are: The Rt. Bishop of New York, (ex-officio) President; Rev. E. H. Krans and Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Vice-Presidents; Mr. A. L. Willis, Secretary and Mr. Walter S. Kemeys, Treasurer; Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, General Manager, and Rev. John Chamberlain, Assistant General Manager.

Manager Frankenheim announces that he has completed arrangements for the great vaudeville show on January 18th. He has the contracts from well-known theatrical people to play for two hours and half, and nothing but roars of laughter will characterize them. Mr. Frankenheim has an eye on funny things that will sweep away any gloom that so often hangs over other deaf-mute affairs. There will be one or two acts especially for the hearing people, but will be partly understood by the deaf.

In fact the show will be conducted on the lines of a modern vaudeville house, and only such a club as the Union League with its big capital, would not hesitate to undertake a job of this kind. The club must pay for the stage help, expressage of theatrical "properties," and also to have the stage "built up," and above all, the big amounts for the theatrical people themselves.

The Union League will also have in its pay two expert floor managers, who have been hired to infuse life and gaiety into dancing numbers after the show.

The programme for the evening will be probably announced in the advertisement in a week or so.

Mr. W. G. Gilbert, the well-known collector for the Church Mission to the Deaf, was admitted into the Union League last week.

Deep regret is expressed on all sides on account of Mr. Bachrach's bereavement in the loss of his father, who was known to many of the deaf. He died from apoplexy in Milwaukee, and his remains were brought to the city and cremated at Fresh Pond, L. I. He was a genial gentleman, and was a regular attendant at all the affairs of the Union League, always with a coterie of personal friends. The Union League owes its prosperity to his judgment, and it was by his advice that its investments paid so well.

Whenever Mr. Clarence A. Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., gets a vacation from the firm of Ide & Co., he usually spends it in the vicinity of New York City. No doubt he has read about Henry Watson, the great journalist, spending his summer vacation in this city, with frequent trips to the near-by resorts, of which there are many within an hour's ride or sail. Well, Clarence was able to get off from his duties during the holidays, and of course, Clarence spent the holidays here. They say there is a lady in the case. Well, that may be, but it is, in the language of Richard Croker, Clarence's "private business."

William Carney Flanagan, son of the late Ex-Judge Flanagan, and Anna Elvira Schleiden were married on December 12th, by Rev. John Chamberlain.

Robert E. Maynard, of Yonkers, was in town Saturday evening, and

helped the "Surds" entertain Mr. Boxley at their club rooms.

The annual Stag of the League of Elect Surds is to be held at the home of Mr. Chas. L. Schindler who combines the affair with a welcome to his "new boy," who is going to spell his name just as his "Papa" does with "jr" added to it.

Sexton W. S. Abrams' Christmas gift, that he thought most of, was a \$5.00 bank note that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave him.

The Annual Consecration Anniversary at St. Ann's was celebrated on Monday evening, the 26th. A fine and interesting sermon by Dr. Gallaudet marked the occasion, but the intense cold and awfully bad street car service on Amsterdam Avenue, kept the congregation down to five.

Christmas Day Dr. Chamberlain preached, and he had a small congregation, though he gave a remarkably beautiful sermon on the day and its lesson.

Judge Geigrich will not hand down his decision in the Haight case till early in January. He remarked when counsels had closed their arguments that it was the longest of its kind on record.

Mrs. Theodore I. Lonsbury's family have been called upon to mourn the death of Mrs. Bothner's sister. There has been a death in the family each December for several years.

Mrs. Neiser and her daughter Bessie journeyed to Gloversville, N. Y., where the marriage ceremony that united Miss Bessie to her life partner was solemnized.

Paul Bothner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bothner, gave a party on his birthday (Dec 16th), to a number of his little friends, who made him presents that he appreciated.

St. Ann's Church was beautifully decorated for the Christmas services thanks to the energies of Misses Elsworth and Jaycox assisted by the urbane sexton.

Dwellers in the neighborhood of the Institute, pupils and officers of the school itself, and attendants of St. Ann's, will be wishing themselves lots of Happy New Years this year. The Amsterdam Avenue Trolley line will resume decent service.

Mr. W. G. Shanks of Fanwood wandered down to 125th St., a few evenings ago, and marvelled at the hustle-bustle of city life. He hurried back to the solitudes of Fanwood lest he might get "lost in the swirl."

"Uncle" Jim O'Neill is again in "gay gotham," after quite an extended sojourn in and around the State Capital.

Mr. Fred Meinken has placed his oldest daughter in a Seminary at Haddonfield, New Jersey.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES

DECEMBER 31ST, SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

St. John's Church, Yonkers.

St. Paul's Church, New Haven, at 2.30 P.M.

St. Paul Church, Bridgeport, at 7.30 P.M.

Meeting of Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on January 4th, at 8 P.M.

Service for Deaf-Mutes in St. Andrew's Church, Stamford, Conn., on Sunday, January 7th, at 3 P.M.

Rev. Mr. Danizer's Appointments

DECEMBER.

30-7.30 P.M., Christ P. H., Binghamton (lecture).

31-10.30 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton (Holy Communion).

31-4.15 P.M., Trinity, Elmira.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZEL,
11 Mason Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

TRIED TO DIE.

SCHAMTON, PA., Dec. 29.—Because her father married for the third time, Lena Katschnek, a deaf mute, tried to kill herself. She used a dull razor and will recover. When her father took his third wife, Lena went out to work as a servant. She was a good housekeeper and obtained employment easily. She sang at her work and was happy until her father's friends found her and frightened her with stories of the dire things that would befall her if she did not return home. To avoid it all she sought death.

Became Deaf and Dumb Suddenly.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 28.—Elmer E. Bordeur, a machinist of Hopedale was discharged from the House of Mercy Hospital to-day, deaf and dumb. Up to a few weeks ago Bordeur had perfect powers of speech and hearing, but then suffered an attack of the grip. On recovering he went to work at the factory, and was asking a fellow workman to pass the water pail, when he broke off at the word water, being unable to finish the sentence. He has been unable to speak a word since, being also totally deaf. The doctors say his disability is a nervous trouble, and that he will recover in time.

PHILADELPHIA.

How Christmas Day was Observed.

THE GARRETT HOME AGAIN.

Holiday Happenings Among the Deaf.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Once again the gods deigned to visit us, to bring us Christmas joy, and, above all to remind us that on this day nearly two thousand years ago was born the King of kings, the Saviour of mankind and Great Physician, who also unstopped the ears of the deaf and loosened the tongues of the dumb in his time, and gave us all the comforting assurance that we too shall one day hear His blessed command—EPIPHATHA! And this is the greatest of all birthday anniversaries. It is the one anniversary that is most universally kept. May it bring to all the readers the great joy which was prophesied by the birth.

This Christmas passed off quietly, but pleasantly here. The day was observed by an appropriate service at All Souls' Church for the Deaf in the morning, which was better attended than for a number of years, the number having been about thirty-five. As we have stated at a former time, our deaf do not favor morning services, else the above number would have been much larger.

Although we have no information as to how the Catholic deaf observed the day, we take it for granted that they also had fitting religious services at their usual place of meeting.

The following clipping from the Philadelphia Press will show that the Garrett Home bill, against which strong objection was made by the deaf some time ago, is again claiming the attention of Congress:

"Representative Grow, of Pennsylvania, as chairman of the Committee on Education, has lost no time in reporting in his bill to aid in establishing homes for teaching articulate speech and vocal language to deaf children before they are of school age. The object of this bill is to introduce into all the States the system of training in speech of deaf children which is used by Mary S. Garrett in the home maintained by her in Philadelphia. The practical results accomplished in the Garrett home are recited in a preamble to the bill.

"An appropriation of \$100,000 is carried by the bill as a fund to be in charge of ex-Governor Hastings, ex-Governor Pattison, Joseph M. Bennett, Charles C. Harrison and Alfred C. Tevis, and which is to be expended in qualifying at least 100 persons in the system so as to become teachers of it in States and Territories."

Mr. Thomas Breen entertained the members of the Cleric Literary Association with a reading of Jules Verne's "Eighty Days Around the World." The attendance was quite good. The reading occupied about an hour.

The congregation of All Souls' Church remembered the aged sexton and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Higgins, with a purse of three dollars and fifty cents for his Christmas table delicacies. The couple were more than pleased with the kind remembrance, and wish us to thank their friends through this medium. Mrs. Anna Chapman had charge of this work, and she, too, is grateful for the support given her. Mr. Michael Gormley, who hails from Oil City, and is a wood carver by occupation has obtained a position in one of the finest furniture factories in this city, and so will stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, of Berwick, Pa., are spending the holidays among relatives and friends in this city. Mrs. Baker was formerly Miss Schmidt.

Greensbury Warrington, formerly of this city, but now of Brooklyn Borough, New York City, is visiting here.

Harrison Yoder is spending the holidays at Reading, from which place he came.

William Wright and George Bosher, both young men, are among the few deaf who own and drive cars for a living. The latter is at present engaged in hauling earth from the excavations at the navy yard, and both are generally kept busy with work.

John W. Shappell, of Reading, Pa., is one of our holiday visitors.

Miss Maggie Harper, of Gloucester, N. J., sister of Mrs. Fannie Schuster, is undergoing treatment for heart trouble at the Jefferson Hospital. Her condition is said to be quite serious.

Miss Mary E. Taylor is slowly recovering from her illness.

We wish all readers of the JOURNAL a happy and prosperous New Year. J. S. R.

CHRISTMAS, 1899.

DREAMS OF "DEFECTIVES."

A CURIOUS RUSSIAN BOOK ON THE DREAMS OF DEAF-MUTES, CRIPPLES AND INFANTS.

From The London Globe.

The notable Russian psychologist, M. de Manacine, has recently published a most interesting and instructive book on the dreams of the deaf and dumb, the abnormally formed people, cripples and infants. He has noticed that in the case of the deaf and dumb, if deafness occurs before they are five years old, they forget what they have learned of spoken words; those words never being remembered in their dreams. If the intelligence of the afflicted with deafness only is highly developed, they easily retain the knowledge of spoken words, although deafness may have supervened at an early age. On the other hand, if their mental faculties are weak, the deafness, even at the early age of six or seven, entails the loss of speech, and the afflicted become deaf and dumb. With regard to the abnormally formed, M. de Manacine mentions the case of a person born without arms or feet who always dreamed that he had been mutilated. Now it should be borne in mind, he says, that the majority of persons born without arms or feet always dream that they possess these extremities. It is evident, he maintains, the difference result, in the first instance, from weak impressions hereditarily transmitted, and in the second instance from the strength and precision of the impressions. Persons whose limbs have been amputated are subject to curious delusions while asleep. They never dream that they are walking on crutches; quite the contrary, they invariably dream that they are walking with their feet, with this difference only, that as time passes their extremities appear to become shorter and shorter.

M. de Manacine mentions as a curious fact that this hallucination is very pronounced when the wound has healed rapidly without complications; while on the other hand there is no hallucination when the process of cicatrization has been painful. Moreover, we find the reason of this difference in the greater or lesser intensity of the sensations experienced. Still, if the dreams of abnormally formed persons are characterized by certain peculiarities they are none the less subjected as are other dreams to the mysterious conditions of the human organism, and like other dreams their repercussion on the wakeful state is identical.

The idea has long been entertained that babies do not dream; but it seems that this is a mistake. A few weeks after they are born, and while asleep, signs of suction, smiles, and laughter have been seen. No doubt but that the remembrance of dreams only occurs when a child begins to talk and understands what is said to it; and that is the reason why our recollections do not go much further back than the time when we were five or six years old, but that we dream long before that age there is no doubt, although the range of our dreams is naturally circumscribed by the elementary sensations we experience. And that is why in rearing children, normally or abnormally formed, it is most essential to watch over them while they sleep and to try and gauge the significance of their dreams.

It is a fact, medically admitted, says the eminent psychologist, who supplies us with this information, that the heavy, troubled dreams of infants indicate approaching illness. If they awake with a start, begin to cry, and are not easily soothed, the recourse should be made to medical advice, for it is a sign that their normal equilibrium is affected.

Novalis, the savant, declares that if we did not dream we should age very much sooner than we do. Dreams, he says, are a shield against the monotony of life. In proof of his assertion he mentions the case of a lady sixty years old, who dwelt on the remembrance of a dream as the happiest event in her life. In her memorable dream this unsophisticated old soul had visited the Czar in his palace, and she minutely described in glowing terms the various incidents in connection therewith; and it must be admitted that this dream was the only poetical element in her isolated and monotonous existence. We often hear of people being advised before deciding on an important matter "to sleep on it." That appears to imply that in case we should dream we would arrive at a just appreciation of what we should do. It is but another authentic instance pertinent to this strange phenomenon—the relation of dreams to our spiritual being.

What They Prefer.

Runting—You often hear of self-made men, but never of self-made women.

Larkin—Women prefer to be tailor made—*Detroit Free Press.*

In Germany, to prevent poison being obtained for evil purposes, none is allowed to be sold without a written order or certificate from a physician.

Vivisection.

We have received a pamphlet on this subject signed by a large number of the most distinguished professors of medicine and surgery in the country.

For twenty-nine years doctors, and those who train doctors, have been more or less subjected to attacks on this subject. There seems to be a class of minds, which cannot distinguish between cruelty for the mere sake of inflicting pain, and a search after important and useful knowledge, what involves pain or even death to lower animals. One should be sternly repressed and punished, and the other encouraged.

The killing of a cat, or a bird, simply to gratify the fancy, or the desire to inflict pain, which sometimes occurs in young animals of the genus homo, is a crime. To kill a cat, to supply a subject for dissection by a high school class, none of whom intend to study medicine, is an act of very doubtful utility, which we would greatly prefer not to have on our conscience. The slaughter of thousands of animals, which has made it possible for us to treat men, women, and children more intelligently, is entirely right and proper. The ability to control diphtheria, which is now a fact, and the same ability with cholera, yellow fever, bubonic plague, and many other diseases, which seems about to be acquired, would repay us for thousands of slaughtered animals—yes, for millions.

In a book, which perhaps is not as much read now as it was a hundred years ago, we are told that two men who had just been cured of a form of insanity, not fully believing in the thoroughness of their cure, or for some other reason, asked for an ocular demonstration—that the devils just cast out might go into certain swine feeding near.

The granting of this request was not necessary to their cure, but to see for themselves that the devils were gone, would doubtless add to their comfort and peace of mind.

The Saviour of Mankind did not for a moment hesitate to grant the request. Compared with comfort of two human souls, what was the pain and death of many swine—and the whole herd man violently, down a steep place into the sea.

Some months ago our doctor reported a well developed case of diphtheria in one of our girls—a very serious case, in which the bronchial tubes were affected.

The telegraph was used, and in a few hours he was in possession of a few very small vials of antitoxine.

Under its use the patient rapidly recovered, and protected by it, not a child who had been exposed, developed diphtheria.

For the manufacture of this serum horses had been vivisected, and for its proving other animals had been injected, and even, if this little girl were the only one saved, we feel sure that it paid.

There was a time when the wounding of a large artery was treated by applying a red-hot iron to it.

A person who was to undergo an amputation made his will, and prepared to undergo what was truly a dreadful ordeal. We know the name of the man—Dr. J. F. D. Jones—who by means of experiments on animals—vivisection—found out how to tie the artery, and delivered humanity from the branding iron.

Neither will it do to say that we have arrived at the sum total of knowledge in these matters, and that what was once needful is now a crime. Our doctors and surgeons are progressive, and no one can tell when some discovery, as beneficial and pain saving as any that was ever made, will dawn on some of them.—*Mich. Mirror.*

The Age of Niagara.

The truth of the adage about constant dripping wearing away a stone is strikingly illustrated in the fact that the Niagara river has been 36,000 years cutting its channel 200 feet deep, 3,000 feet wide and 7 miles long through solid rock. Evidence is conclusive that the falls were formerly at Queenstown, seven miles below the present situation. It has been proved that they have not receded more than one foot a year for the last half a century.

Java furnishes two-thirds of the quinine.

Australasia is the largest producer of wool.

Quiller-Couch is pronounced "Killer-Kooch."

Paris Petit Journal circulates 1,000,000 copies daily.

Memphis may erect a statue of General Nathan Bedford Forrest.

"Did Luther commit suicide?" is again being debated in Germany.

Brazil will exhibit 500 varieties of serpents at the Paris display in 1900.

Confederate veterans' offer to rebuild General Gordon's house was declined.

Hawaii's unofficial territorial delegate in Washington is a graduated of Harvard.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

President Gallaudet's Annual Lecture.

THE EXAMS ARE OVER.

Bowling Tournament—Other Items.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Friday, Dec. 15th, Dr. Gallaudet delivered his annual lecture to the student body in Chapel Hall. His subject was "THE PHILIPPINES." During the course of his remarks he held the close attention of all present, as is always the case. He said, in part:

Two years ago few Americans could have given intelligent answers to the questions, what and where are the Philippine Islands?

The question, What shall we do with the Philippines? is occupying the thoughts of all intelligent people.

This question should not be made a political question. People of all parties should consider it in an unprejudiced spirit and should strive to settle it on its merits.

I shall endeavor thus to discuss this evening, and to reach a conclusion that may appeal successfully to sound reason, patriotism and good will to our fellow-men.

The group of islands called the Philippines consists of nine large, and some twelve hundred small islands, and is located near the China sea, between latitude 5° 24' and 19° 38' north.

The area of these islands is 112,500 square miles, a little more than two and one half times as large as the state of Pennsylvania, and the population is variously estimated as from eight to ten millions. They are in distance about twenty-five days travel from Washington.

They were first discovered by Europeans in 1521, a company of Spaniards under Fernando Magalhães. Expeditions sent out by Philip II, in 1564 and 1570, established the power of Spain in the Islands and Manila was made the capital in the last named year.

The rule of Spain over the Islands has continued from that time until the ratification of the recent treaty between the United States and Spain, when the latter country ceded all her powers and rights in the Islands to the former. Along with the sovereignty of the Islands, Spain ceded to the United States "all the buildings, wharves, barracks, forts, structures, public highways and other immovable property." The value of the property so ceded to the United States is considerable, and the United States has paid for it \$20,000,000, therefor. It is probably worth much more than that sum.

It is to be noted in this connection that the terms ceded Spain by the United States on the conclusion of the war showed a liberality on the part of our Government quite unheard of in the annals of peace treaties.

Although the rule of Spain over the people of the islands has been uniformly tyrannical and oppressive, it must be admitted that many elements of civilization have been developed, and to-day, according to the great French geographer, Elie de Beaumont, "apart from the Spanish tribes of Mindano and elsewhere, the inhabitants of the Philippines are amongst the most civilized in the extreme East."

"In most of the provinces the villages are well kept, and far superior in many respects to the irregular groups of cabins to be seen in many European lands. Each dwelling is isolated in the midst of a flowery garden, and separated from the adjoining plots by rows of palms and bananas—the well swept and published apartments are fitted with good furniture and Chinese ornaments."

Under Spanish rule a limited amount of local self-government was allowed, but according to Prof. Dean C. Worcester, who has spent years in the islands and speaks the Tagal language, and who was one of the commissioners recently sent out by the President, this self-government has never been anything more than the privilege of helping gather in the taxes. And these taxes have been most oppressive and grinding.

I was fortunate a short time ago in hearing a lecture by Prof. Worcester in which many facts of great interest were brought out. He said that there are eighty-three distinct tribes among the Philippines, and that while a number of them had a good deal of civilization, notably the Tagalos, who number 1,500,000, there are many wild and half-wild tribes still in a savage state. In many places he found people who could only count three—a few of these people had gotten so they could count twenty by using all their fingers and toes.

The opinion of those qualified to judge as to the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government, is strongly against the idea that they are fitted for this at present. This opinion is well summed up by the Hon. John Barrett, our later Minister to Siam, and a man who has made an exhaustive study of Eastern questions, and especially of those connected with the Philippines by travel and residence there, when he says—

"It does not rest with America to say whether or not the Philippines shall be self-governing, for in their present condition nothing can make them so."

There are the best of reasons for supposing that should we withdraw the country would be torn by factional civil strife, or fall speedily under the domination of one or more of the great European powers.

The following from President McKinley's recent message is worthy of most serious consideration:—

"The future government of the Philippines rests with the Congress of the United States. Few graver responsibilities have ever been committed to us. If we accept them in a spirit worthy of our race and our traditions, a great opportunity comes with them. The islands lie under the shelter of our flag. They are ours by every title of law and equity. They cannot be abandoned. If we desert them we leave them at once to anarchy, and finally to barbarism. We find them, a golden apple of discord, among the rival powers, no one of which could permit another to seize them unopposed. Their rich plains and valleys would be the scene of endless strife and bloodshed. The advent of Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay, instead of being, as we hope, the dawn of a new day of freedom and progress, will have been the beginning of an era of misery and violence worse than any which has darkened their unhappy past."

"Until Congress shall have made known the formal expression of its will, I shall use the authority vested in me by the Constitution and the statutes to uphold the sovereignty of the United States in those distant islands as in all other places where our flag rightfully floats. I shall put at the disposal of the army and navy all the means which the liberality of Congress and the people have provided to cause this unprovoked and wasteful insurrection to cease."

Before passing to the serious discussion of the "question of the Philippines," I will mention that within the last month I have met and talked with on the subject, besides Prof. Worcester, already referred to, President Schurman of Cornell University, also a member of the Philippine Commission; General Greely, chief signal officer of the army, who has had much to do in setting up telegraphs and laying cables in the Islands; Senator Frye, one of the Peace Commissioners to Paris; and most interesting of all, Admiral Dewey, with whom I had a conversation last Tuesday, and who, when I told him the object of my call, and that I was preparing a lecture for you, expressed much interest in the college and sent you his greetings. [Applause.]

The "question may be divided into two parts:—

First, The advantages to the United States from holding the Islands.

Second, The right and the duty of the United States in the premises.

The first is of great importance, but I cannot undertake to discuss it to-night. Moreover, the propriety of discussing it at all depends on the settlement of the second.

In attempting to solve the second question, we must first understand how our government got into the Islands. Admiral Dewey's flag was in Eastern waters when the war with Spain broke out, for the natural and legitimate purpose of protecting American commerce and looking after American interests in that part of the world.

When the war broke out, his instructions were (I have his own words) "to destroy the Spanish fleet and operate in the Philippines."

Many well meaning persons have said that Dewey ought to have sailed away from Manila, and not have destroyed the fleet of the enemy. This, he said, was not to be thought of. First, because his instructions forbade his doing so; and second, because had he done so he would have been compelled to take his entire fleet to the United States without delay, and abandon all care for our commerce and other interests in the Orient.

The admiral remarked on Tuesday that the interests of American commerce needed protection in the East as enormous, second only to those of Great Britain—and that it was absolutely essential for us to keep a fleet in eastern waters. He added that had he withdrawn from Manila he would have had to take forcible possession of some other port to secure a base of operations, which might have involved us in a war with other nations.

So as a measure of war and self-protection, it was right for us to take Manila and hold it. This right was confirmed by the treaty with Spain, the justice and legality of which no one can question.

As to the question of the present insurrection having been provoked by the American troops, as some persons have said, the statement of General Greely in regard to what happened to the telegraph and cable lines laid by the Americans in the islands, shows that the insurgents had planned the attack very carefully, and preceded it by the night of the outbreak. General Greely said that all these telegraph lines were simultaneously cut by Aguinaldo's men, with the hope that they might prevent communication between the several divisions of our forces and to overwhelm the divisions, one after another, and force the withdrawal of the Americans. The Americans had been so tolerant of the whims and caprices of the Tagalos as to cause them to refer to our troops as cowards.

The questions now come up, were the Filipinos capable of self-government, and did Aguinaldo deserve recognition as representing the people of the islands?

The best testimony is against the capacity of the Filipinos at this time to govern themselves. It is equally certain that Aguinaldo was the self-appointed leader of a faction—that his so-called "government," "congress," etc., was in no proper sense a popular representative government.

Some persons have compared the Philippines to our own colonies in 1776, struggling for self-government against England, and have called Aguinaldo a patriot and the equal of Washington. This is not true. The Philippines can in no sense be compared with our Colonies. The Filipinos are the most civilized, enlightened people that our Colonists were. And to compare this self-appointed dictator, Aguinaldo, to General Washington, is a libel upon the latter. Washington was elected to lead our armies by the Colonial Congress, Aguinaldo elected himself and appointed his assistants.

There is the best authority for believing that Aguinaldo's aim was to gain the Philippines, that he might "squeeze" the people as the Spaniards had done.

Concluding that it was right for the United States to take the Philippines and that it is right for us to stay there, what is the duty of our government?

The answer is not far to seek. We are bound to secure the establishment of schools, justice in Courts, moderate taxes, and all the blessings of good government. We are bound to accord to the people such measure of local self-government as they are capable of exercising. Whether they shall ever be cut loose from the United States and allowed, or compelled, to manage for themselves altogether, will be for the future to determine.

It would seem that if the people of the Islands can eventually come to exercise such self-government as exists in a well-ordered territory or State of the United States, they ought to be satisfied.

Some ardent critics are even weary of saying that the United States Government is not fit to govern a dependency, because so much corruption in politics exists in our country.

I believe that there is but one small piece of territory belonging to our country as it was before the Spanish War, where the power of the United States is actually complete, and that is the District of Columbia with its 300,000 people. It is conceded by all the parties that the District is to-day well governed. The people of many great cities envy the people of the District, their economical and well conducted government. If a paternal government is a success at the Capital of the nation, why may we not expect success for the Federal power in the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii and Guam?

Some of you may remember that last January, in my last winter's lecture, I discussed the question:—

"What makes a Nation great?" and suggested that "possibly the solution of the Philippine question may determine whether the United States is to show itself a truly great nation, or enter upon a downward course ending only in dismemberment and ruin."

I feel as strongly now as then that a time of trial is before us, and that the voice of patriots should be raised, not in a pusillanimous desire to give up the Philippines, but in a virile demand that our rulers, who are servants of the people, shall send only good men and true to uphold our flag where it has been providentially planted,

so that our occupation of the islands of the sea may prove an unmixed blessing to the peoples we find upon them, and our present expansion and imperialism (and justly so called) may advance the cause of Christian Civilization in the world."

The last three school days of the past week were devoted to the term examinations. On Tuesday the recitations for the term closed, and, as usual a lucky few were excused from the examinations. So far as we can ascertain the number thus exempted from the several classes were as follows: Seniors, two, both girls; Juniors, two, both boys; Sophomores, four, three boys and one girl; Freshmen, five, three boys and two girls; Introductory Class, two, both girls. This is a less number than is usually the case, but when it came to the examination room work, more were successful than usual. The two young ladies of the Senior Class, Misses Lamson and Taylor, are the first students, excused in logic in several years.

Nearly one-half of the students are away at their homes or visiting friends for the vacation. Four Ducks of the masculine gender are off on a hunting expedition. They expect to be gone all the week, and promise to bring back enough game to supply us all a New Year feast.

All of Dr. Gallaudet's children except Denison are at home for the vacation.

Worstaff, '00, is enjoying a visit from his parents and cousin this week, and Miller, '03, has his brother Hugh with him.

The submarine boat, Holland, is at the navy yard in the city, and is an object of curiosity to the students. They say it dives like a fish.

Bowling is the order of the day now. The tournament began to-day with games between the Junior and Introductory Classes and the Senior and Sophomore. The Seniors and Sophomores were the winners. The games continue through Friday.

There is to be a football game in the city this afternoon, between all-Washington and an all-Baltimore team. Andree, Hemstreet, Carrell and Barham, of our team, will play on the all-Washington team. Some of the Harvard, Princeton and University of Pennsylvania men, whose homes are in Washington, will also play. For Baltimore the three Poe brothers will battle, and she has some Yale men also.

We wish to inform "Avon," of Baltimore, that either he or Baltimore, one is *mighty slow*, for the "Lit" here was the first to invite Mr. McGregor to come east and lecture. Philadelphia joined us in extending the invitation, and Baltimore did not catch on at all until a day or two ago. "Avon" ought to read the JOURNAL and keep up with the procession.

Sowell, '00, who is usher of the Kendall School this term, is congratulating himself because all the children are away at their homes and he is having a holiday of it.

This week the "Lit" will add a number of new and up-to-date books to its library.

Santa Claus visited the college last night, and left for each student at his breakfast plate a pencil and pad. He knows what the deaf find useful, we suppose.

The "co-eds" last year had a Christmas tree, but not this year. Wonder if they have gotten to be grown folks now. By the way they are to give us a library party to-morrow night.

The S. N. D. C. play Friday night, and Mr. McGregor's lecture Saturday night promises to be quite entertaining and an appropriate closing of the holidays.

R. S. T.

NOTICE.

ILLINOIS GALLAUDET UNION.

To MEMBERS AND FRIENDS:—The Board of Directors has selected Chicago as the most available place for the next meeting of the Illinois Gallaudet Union, in 1900, on account of the low railroad rates from all parts of the State and county that will be made during the last part of August. The exact date and general particulars will be announced later. Watch the papers and keep yourself informed of what is expected to be one of the greatest State conventions ever held by the deaf.

Fraternally yours,

O. H. REGENSBURG, Sec'y.

By order of President,
FRANK R. GRAY.

At the last official visitation of St. Agnes Mission, Cleveland, the Rev. Mr. Mann administered Baptism to the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Cowley, who reside at 29 Cory Avenue. The child was sick, and could not be brought to church.

The Rev. Mr. Mann, since his return from New York, has been at work on a new list of appointments for the New Year; and answering letters, mostly from the Clergy. He is always glad to have his deaf brethren write to him at Gambier, Ohio.

The train on which Mrs. A. W. Mann was going from Gambier to Cleveland to attend the reception on Saturday evening, December 16th, was wrecked just outside of the latter place, and three lives lost. Fortunately she escaped unhurt; and was able by means of a parallel trolley line to reach Grace Parish House in time to meet Mr. Mann, just returned from New York, and assist in the festivities. The day was his 58th birthday.

OHIO.

Mrs. A. W. Mann in a Smash Up.

SHE ESCAPES UNHURT.

The News of the Week in Brief.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

The first examinations of the present term were begun on Wednesday and ended Friday. Examinations were in all studies pursued and as far as we can learn were satisfactory.

There was a collision on the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus Railroad, Cleveland, Saturday evening, near the suburbs of Cleveland, in which a number were either killed or injured. The collision was between a passenger and freight train. Among those on the former was Mrs. A. W. Mann, who was on her way to Cleveland to meet her husband. She was not injured, but is suffering greatly from the shock.

A Cleveland Leader reporter interviewed her on the accident, and she gives this version of it: "We were running through the southern part of the city at a high rate of speed. There was a merry group of people in the coach and we were talking together, when there was an awful crash. The glass in the windows were broken and the lights were extinguished, and many of the passengers were thrown from their seats. The coach bumped along over the ties before it came to a stand. I was helped out of the car. The coach was within a few feet of the embankment that divides the steam and electric car tracks. Had the car gone a few inches more it would have rolled down the embankment."

"The passenger train was on one side of the track and the freight train lay on the other side. I saw the lights and heard the bells of the ambulance coming down the grade."

BEHIND THE FREIGHT

train, and I hurried from the scene. I came into the city on a suburban electric car. There was a theatre party on the car and the young people were laughing and were merry. After the sights I had seen and the thought that passed through my mind of the poor men who had been killed it made me very sad, and I was very much out of place among the merry young people.

"There were only two persons that I knew on the train, Professor Newhall, and a student named Mr. Rose, both of Gambier. They were in the same coach that I was in and were not injured. I do not believe that any one in the coach was seriously hurt, as it was the last car of the train."

"I was never in a wreck before, and it was awful."

In response to President Charles' Circular for Christmas offerings to the Home, thirty-four dollars were received this week. Miss C. M. Feasley has also pledged herself to raise ninety dollars for the Barn fund, and when that is accomplished she will stand at the head of the list of those who have been instrumental in raising funds for the Home, and will have the neat sum of nine hundred to her credit.

The Cleveland deaf gave a reception to Rev. A. W. Mann Saturday evening, at Grace Episcopal Church. The attendance was not large, but all the same those who were there enjoyed themselves. Mr. Mann gave an account of the meeting held by the Paris Congress.

As Christmas comes on Monday, and hence no school from Friday till Tuesday, a number of the non-resident teachers left for home yesterday to spend the day with friends. There will be no Sunday school to-morrow, Superintendent Jones giving a lecture instead.

Last evening the pupils were excused from the regular study hour, and were taken by divisions in charge of the gentlemen teachers up High Street to see the Christmas displays in the shop windows. This has been Superintendent Jones' yearly custom, but on this occasion he was sick, and hence the gentlemen teachers took his place.

Mrs. Zell was called to Dayton by the serious illness of her father the first of the week, but returned Thursday evening. This morning she with her son and daughter again went down there. There is no hope for the gentleman to recover.

Miss Lois Atwood is at home from the Alabama Institution, to spend Christmas with her parents.

Miss Ethel Zell arrived from Gallaudet College Friday morning, to pass the holidays with her family.

Mrs. Frank with two children, of Chicago, is in the city to remain a

month or so with her brother Elmer Elsey.

Mrs. Mary Corbett, nee Dundon, of Bellaire, is visiting her parents and friends in the city, and will remain through the holidays.

The storm doors were put up this week, and henceforth we may look for real wintry weather.

We learn that Mr. B. R. Allabough had a very narrow escape from death during the Edgewood Park School fire, and his loss in personal effects will go over the hundred mark, but he is not the only one. Every one lost more or less in the way of clothing and other effects.

Mr. George Martin arrived in town Thursday, and will henceforth set up type in the Deaf World office.

Mrs. Maggie Holycross was called to Hamilton last Friday by the death of a sister.

Mrs. Harry Bard left to-day for Findlay, Ohio, to pass the holidays with her mother.

On January 8th, Governor Bushnell, who has been the chief magistrate of the State, will step down and out. His record has been admirable, and as a friend of the Institution no governor has done so much for it since the days of Hayes. The same may be said of other State Institutions. To him much is due for the new school building the Institution now has. He seconded the efforts of Superintendent Jones at times when help was greatly needed, and thus made it possible to have the building completed this year. On Tuesday Superintendent Jones received a large package, which upon unwrapping revealed a large and excellent photograph of the Governor, surmounted with a handsome frame. The inscription and autograph on it read: "To my friend, J. N. Jones, Asa S. Bushnell." Mr. Jones is highly gratified with the gift, and prizes it as a valuable souvenir.

Quite a number of those connected with the Institution have been feasting on quail and rabbits the past week. They did not hunt them, nor pay the coin of the realm, and former attendant, Mr. James B. Hudson, of Henry Co., sent down a box of the game to them. A. B. G.

Dec. 23, '99.

REPORTER AND CHINAMAN.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN WAS VERY TIRED WHEN THE ORIENTAL FINISHED.

Numberless are the tricks which newspaper reporters play upon one another to relieve the somber "grind" of their calling. Two young men employed on a morning paper in a large city were detailed one day to call upon the resident Chinamen and "interview" them respecting some immigration measure then pending in congress. One of the two reporters was a beginner, and the other, an experienced man, naturally assumed the management of the assignment. "Billings," he said after they had invaded several laundries without any important result, "here is a tea store. I wish you would go in and talk with the proprietor. I want to know what he thinks about Chinamen voting. I'll go on and pull off an interview with the man who runs this cigar shop next door. Remember to use the very simplest English at your command."

The young reporter went inside the tea store, took out his notebook, and thus addressed the proprietor, who happened to be alone at the moment:

"John, how? Me—me—Telegraph, John! Newspaper—savvy, John? Newspaper—print things. Unstan? Me want know what John think about Chinaman vote, see? What John think—Chinaman—vote—all same Melican man? Savvy, John? Vote? What think?"

The Chinaman listened to him with profound gravity until he had finished and replied:

"The question of granting the right of suffrage to Chinese citizens who have come to the United States with the avowed intention of making this country their permanent home is one that has occupied the attention of thoughtful men of all parties for years, and it may become in time one of paramount importance. At present, however, it seems to me there is no exigency requiring an expression of opinion from me upon this subject. You will please excuse me."

The young reporter went outside and leaned against a lamppost to rest and recover from a sudden faintness that had taken possession of him. His comrade had purposely "steered him against" one of the best educated Chinamen in the United States.—*Youth's Companion*.

A feather of an eagle shot by Dewey has been turned into a pen by a Cincinnati man.

WANTED—Honest man or woman to travel for large house; salary \$65 monthly and expenses, with increase; position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. MANAGER, 330 Caxton bldg., Chicago.

FANWOOD.

The Christmas Party at the Kindergarten.

HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS.

News Notes of Interest in a Condensed Form.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The grandest occasion of the whole year to the little people of Fanwood is the Christmas party. The children who were so fortunate as to participate in last year's festivities have given glowing accounts of the day to the little newcomers, and all have been anticipating another for this year.

Little minds have been full of Christmas thoughts as the season approached, and fingers were busy at the kindergarten tables fashioning gifts for home friends, and members of the school family also.

At last the day for the celebration arrived. Thursday was a very busy day in the Kindergarten, but the many cheerful helpers soon transformed the main room into a bower, with ropes of ground pine and holly wreaths. The Christmas tree covered with its pretty decorations, made by the children, and mysterious little packages hidden among the branches stood proudly in a corner. The crayon sketches on the wall slate, illustrating an interesting Christmas story, were drawn by one of the pupils of the art department. The low kindergarten tables were covered with dainty Japanese napkins, and vases of flowers were arranged for each table by Mrs. Currier.

At two o'clock the little ladies stood waiting in the assembly room to receive their small gentlemen from the Mansion House, then all marched gayly into the wonderful room filled with all the beautiful surprises. The faces of the guests expressed their complete satisfaction with all the arrangements. Many regrets were expressed that our principal could not be with us, as he had been called away upon business. All were glad to welcome Mrs. Currier and her friend, Miss Nixon, Mrs. Wilcox, and other members of the family. Little Annie Gerner received the guests very gracefully, saying: "I am happy to see you."

The children spelled in concert: "A Merry Christmas to all," then sat down to enjoy the good things on the tables. First came the busy popping of cap-mottos until each one had donned a cap. Some of the odd styles were very amusing, and the bright colors and the merry faces made a pretty and effective scene.

The fruits, cakes and nuts, and candies were thoroughly enjoyed, and just as every one was wondering what the next surprise would be in walked Santa Claus. Some of the sharp eyes were able to recognize their old friend Mr. Jones, but many of the wee tots looked at him with great awe and veneration, evidently believing him to be the jolly old Saint himself. He addressed some merry remarks to the company, which were highly appreciated, then proceeded to his business of distributing the gifts on the tree. Mr. and Mrs. Currier, Mrs. Wilcox and other good friends of the children, were remembered with useful articles made by the boys and girls. Each little one then shook hands with Mr. Santa Claus, and received a Christmas stocking filled with candy and nuts. One little man thanked Santa by patting him fondly on the cheek. A very happy band marched back to the assembly room to play games, and all voted the Christmas party of 1899 a grand success.

Mr. Robert Hammel is the name of the boys' new tutor. He hails from Long Island.

Little Lily Capelli will have had her first Christmas tree this season. Mr. and Mrs. Capelli, you may be sure, will see that the occasion is a memorable one.

Examinations began on Wednesday and were completed on Friday. In the afternoon the pupils dispersed for the holidays. All are expected back punctually, before noon, January 3d, 1900.

Miss Bessie L. Nixon, a teacher at the Western Pennsylvania Institution, and who was mentioned for her bravery during the fire, was a visitor at Fanwood, Thursday. She formerly held a position on the Educational staff here.

Mr. Spring, Vice-President of the American Sculpture Society, and lecturer to the School of Architecture, at Columbia College, (unattached) was a visitor to the art department, Thursday afternoon. He was accompanied by his wife. Miss Le Prince showed them through the department. They were much impressed with the quality of the work done by the pupils.

The Twenty-Second Regiment,

N. G. N. Y., was reviewed in its armory by Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Thursday evening. Major W. H. Van Tassel is a member of the regiment, and several of the teachers and officers besides the writer, were at the armory to see the drill and review.

Principal Currier gave an oyster supper to the Protean Society, Tuesday evening. The members satisfied the inner man with oyster stew, cake, coffee, and a variety of good things. Not one left the table till they were absolutely certain they had their fill. It required a good deal to fill them, but there was plenty. Principal Currier was heartily thanked for the supper.

J. H. K.

Utica—A Voiceless Barber.

DIKE FOR A DEAF-MUTE WHO WILL OPEN A SHOP IN UTICA.

A well known city official strolled through the city hall yesterday. He had just been shaved and evidently did not relish his experience. He said to the barber: "I have been here for Deaf-Mutes at Rome."

"Stand the inmates are taught printing and other trades. It is a pity they don't make barbers of them. Let a deaf-mute barber come to Utica and open a shop and I'll patronize him three times a week. Go into a barber shop and if you are in a hurry you will find the barber having an argument with four or five sitters and they've got to finish that argument before he begins to shave you. If there is no one else in the shop to argue with, he'll try arguing with you. He starts in with the latest prize fight, bicycles or the Boer war, and asks your opinion. Tell him you have not any and he will insist on giving you his. He gets excited about it, too, and gesticulates with his razor until you feel sure he's going to slash you. He spurs away like Mark Antony over the body of Caesar, only Caesar was dead and couldn't be bothered by talk, and that is where he had the best of you. Honor bright, I think there is a fortune waiting for the deaf-mute who would open a barber shop in Utica. Think of the luxury of a silent shave! Imagine your coming out of a barber's chair without having the barber paw over your poll and ask in a manner meant to be insinuating, but really exasperating: "Want that head cleaned out? It's getting pretty dirty." "Want that hair trimmed? It's getting pretty ragged." "Sm'oil?" If your head were detached and in a morgue or wax works show, he could not speak of it more flippantly. The wireless telegraphy and the horseless carriage are all right and will pay their inventors; but what bewhiskered humanity is really crying for is a voiceless barber. There's a Klondike for him in this town.—*Utica Press*.

Waiters and Waitresses.

Talking of waitresses, a New York hotel keeper says that although they may possess some superior qualities for such service, there are, on the other hand, such drawbacks as make it certain that they would never be acceptable to the majority of men who would have to be served by them. He says:

"I think the objection to them would be based chiefly on the fact that they never show especial attention to any person. I never knew a woman who waited on a man to trouble herself in the least about the manner in which she served him. It makes absolutely no difference whether they receive liberal tips or not. They may be quiet, neat and quick, but they would never pick out one piece of beef because it was better than another or make any effort to get the best of what was to be had in the kitchen. That sort of attention makes a man worth his fee to the men who tip him."

"It is this special service that makes a waiter superior to the best of his associates. Women never detect any difference between the quality of one dish and another. They are all the same, and good service requires merely that they shall be set down noiselessly and brought quickly. There the service of the waitress ends. She can beat any man at those features of the business. But she cannot select for him anything better than the rest of the customers get. Usually she does not notice any difference in them. That deficiency is the safeguard of the waiter and will keep his place secure for him."

The Rio Grande has 1,000 more freight cars in use at the present time than a year ago.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

Interests young and old. The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language is a beautiful booklet containing 48 illustrations in sign of 48 hand-drawn pictures, each representing a word in the prayer. By means of any address, 15 cents.

Deaf Mute Agents Wanted. Connecticut Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

Always a Place for that Kind of a Boy.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Oh, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?" panted bright, rosy-cheeked George Ellis, running up to the sleigh from which that gentleman was alighting.

"In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if you wish to speak to me."

"Thank you, sir," and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb, he opened the door of the large general store and held it for the proprietor to pass through.

"Thank you," said the gentleman. "Now, what is it?"

"My mother slipped and broke her ankle."

"Yes, sir; I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is well."

"It takes time, of course, it is so hard for her to be on a sofa all day. I came to a would allow her to use the chair in the back store for weeks and let me work for pay for it."

"Did she send you to this?"

"Oh, no, sir, I thought of it myself."

"What could do? I never have had a boy about the place."

"I know it, sir, but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the front window will lose their leaves if they are not watered pretty soon."

The gentleman stepped to the window and glanced at the plants before he replied: "How did you happen to notice them?"

"Mother taught me. Every time I pass the window I wish I could arrange these so that they would show better."

"I dare say they have been neglected. I thought them to make up an assortment. You may fix up the window to suit yourself. I will send up the chair the first time the delivery wagon goes that way."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" and the lad's mittens and coat were off and he was at the other side of the large store after water, before Mr. Bradford had even turned toward his desk.

He found real delight, as a genuine plant lover does, in seeing the thirsty green things drink up the needed refreshment, and noting how quickly they responded by an added appearance of freshness and luxuriance.

He then polished the plate glass window, spread down green straw carriage mats to resemble grass, grouped the plants tastefully upon them, and then pushed a green-covered lounge around so it had the effect of a mound of moss, and disposed a large landscape upon an easel as a background.

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came up the steps, and when Mrs. Nevors drove up with a portfolio of pictures to be framed, stepped out and brought them in for her.

Mr. Bradford from his desk could not help noticing this spontaneous anticipatory service, and was interested when the lady said:

"I am so glad you have George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along. He is in my Sunday-school class, and the brightest, most obliging lad I know. Did he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or what is better, a bit of summer. No wonder that every passer-by stops to look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside."

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the "Old Curiosity Shop" or "The Museum," had never felt so complacent over his surroundings in his life, and was now most pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price of the landscape in the window, and by his purchasing it at once, saying:

"My shut-in sister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could find one in town."

"That picture has stood near that window all winter."

"Well, I never looked in your window, and if I had I could have seen nothing for the dust; but your show this cold morning would attract any one. What's up?" and the man went off laughing.

"Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one," said Mr. Bradford.

"And what then, sir?" asked the boy, respectfully.

"Anything that suggests itself to you."

"Oh, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here; your store should be the prettiest in the village."

"And it is only a lumber-room; but I give you the liberty to make whatever you can out of it."

And the end of the week the front of the store was so pleasantly and artistically arranged that every customer had some complimentary remarks to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed:—"I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your 'Old Curiosity Shop' to my friend here, and telling him he could buy anything from a hummingbird's nest to a second-hand pulpit, but—"

"But, although order is being brought out of chaos, I have the same variety," and he told the story of how it all happened; adding: "I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the business to do anything except what they were told until this had come in."

"That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of a boy. You'll have to pay him well, or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run in on my way back and have a talk with the fine little fellow."

"Fine little fellow indeed!" said Mr. Bradford to himself. "Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not!" and, calling to George, he said: "Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair, tell your mother I am coming in this evening to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad with your head for business mustn't neglect school."

"My head for business is following mother's ways—doing whatever is to be done and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford," and the boy's feet kept pace with the wind as he flew up the street to tell his mother the good news—that he was sure new of steady work and she needn't worry, for he could take care of them both.

It is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place, but there are always picturesque effects in the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity in the business.—*Zion's Herald*.

If the Earth Should Stop.

The stopping of a projectile always results in the generation of heat. The velocity and weight of a projectile being known, the amount of heat developed by its stoppage can be calculated. In the case of large bodies moving rapidly the result of the calculation is something astounding. For example: The earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000 tons. It travels in its orbit at the rate of over 18 miles a second. Should it strike a target strong enough to stop its motion the heat developed by the shock would be sufficient not merely to fuse the earth, but also to reduce a large portion of it to vapor. It has been calculated that the amount of heat generated by a collision so colossal would equal that obtained from the burning of 14 globes of coal, each equal to the earth in size. And should the earth after its stoppage fall into the sun, as it certainly would do, the amount of heat developed by its impact on the sun would be equal to that generated by the combustion of 5,000 earths of solid carbon.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Trained Pigeons.

Pigeons are carefully trained. The young homer is taken half a mile the first day, a mile the second, two miles the third, and so on, doubling the distance each time. It must be liberated each time only in the same direction as to its loft, for a bird can be trained along only one route at a time. When 40 miles have been reached, a week's rest comes between. A hundred miles are enough for a young bird's first year.

So essential is the training that old birds are taken only two miles out for the first lesson of a season, though they may have flown their 250 miles the year preceding. The end of the next season, however, will, if the birds are willing and the trainer patient, be crowned by the accomplishment of a 400 mile flight. As you get higher in the scale of distance, longer and longer rests are needed.

Male birds are generally used for long distances. Family matters are apt to engross the attention of the hen, though she is still capable of good work when she has a mind for it.—*Good Words*.

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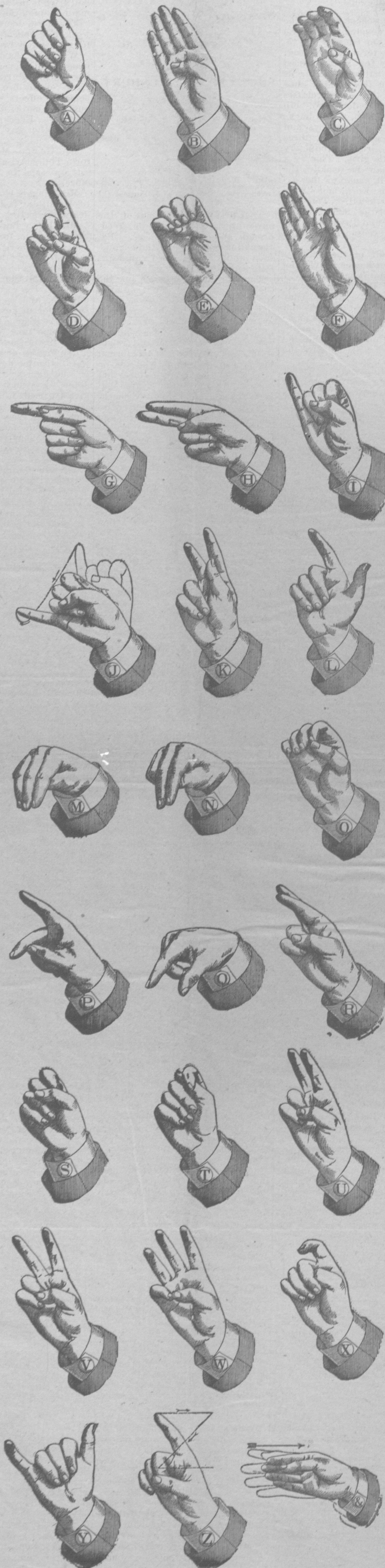
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3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

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